

Expressions.

Additional locals on first page. J. J. Swan is quite sick. Wm. Gore is at the point of death. Atty. Garland was in Albany yesterday. Buy your groceries at Peedler's, and save money. G. Lovebe was in Albany Wednesday. Judge Miller is still confined to his house. Oats, hay, bran, chops and all kinds of feed, at Peedler's. C. O. Gentry visited Albany this week. The Daily Telescope has suspended publication. J. E. Adcox is now agent for the Albany Steam Laundry. Hon. R. A. Irvine, of Albany, is able to be out again. Fresh pies, cakes and bread at Peedler's grocery store. J. C. Mayer left Monday on a business trip to Portland. Every customer at Borum & Kirk's barber shop gets a clean towel. John M. Dunham returned Monday from a business trip to Portland. J. L. Gilbert has accepted a position in M. A. Miller's drug store. Atty. Stowe returned home from Southern Oregon, last Saturday. Cash paid for produce at Peedler's grocery store; highest market price. N. W. Smith has just received a nice line of perfume and toilet articles. Crump & Menzies are doing a strictly cash business, and no use in talk. The special dispensation of the A. O. U. W. has been extended two months. J. S. Courtney M. D., Physician, Surgeon and Accouchur, Lebanon, Or. Mrs. C. H. Radston, of Portland, arrived in Lebanon yesterday, on a visit. Miss Etiza Wallace left yesterday for Portland, and will be gone for several weeks. J. E. Adcox, agent for the Albany steam laundry, sends washings down on Thursdays only. C. A. Zehn left on Wednesday for Philomath, where he went on business. Hon. M. A. Miller is in Eugene this week, on business and visiting old friends. The confectioner's art, making cream candies and other confectionery, is taught at Zahn's store. C. E. Pugh has bought S. O. Wallace's interest in the store and will hereafter conduct it alone. CASH is the word. No use to say anything else to us. CRUMPS & MENZIES. If you want to get value received for your hard-earned money, call at Baker's and buy your boots and shoes. W. M. Riden has moved into the residence of Mr. Comman's—the one formerly occupied by A. F. Stowe. I have a few second-hand books that I will close out at a bargain. M. A. MILLER. At the school election in Albany last Saturday it was voted to bond the district for \$20,000 to build a school-house. Baker is yet in the lead in low prices and good goods. Prices must correspond with what farmers have to sell. Mrs. Iva Smith left Monday for Portland, where she goes to visit her sister who has been quite sick of late. Suffer the Bible, or of such is me and forbid them not. The delight of boys the photographer. Elmer Baker has just received a large invoice of boots and shoes. Call and examine before buying elsewhere. Rich is not selling his clothing at cost, but still you can get a better suit there for less money than anywhere else. C. O. Gentry has received a letter from his son, who is now in Tennessee, from that his health is much improved. These hard times save to eat, we can, but of course we must still you will save some by getting groceries at Bach's. J. B. Thompson returned home from California, Tuesday. Mr. Thompson says if times had not been so hard he is positive he could have sold his patent. J. B. Montague received a telegram from Solo, Monday, asking him to go to the city on Tuesday and deliver a populist speech. Mr. Montague accordingly went, and we venture to say that they have listened to the ablest populist speech they ever heard.

Mrs. Geo. Rice and Mrs. P. W. Morgan returned yesterday from Portland, where they had been to lay in their spring stock of millinery. Atty. Somers left yesterday for Portland. He will go from there to Grants Pass, to assist in prosecuting Black, who shot and killed J. D. Rice. E. P. Weir, of Jordan, was in our city the first of the week. Mr. Weir reports nearly everything over in that "neck of the woods" to be populist. Mr. Beebe, of Illinois, arrived in Lebanon this week. He has come to look and expects his family in a few weeks. He is stopping with Mr. Rilen, his relative. J. W. Guy has about closed a sale to J. C. Mayer, of his interest in the saloon. Mr. Guy intends to make a change in climate on account of his wife's health. You should remember that the best place to buy pianos or organs is at Will's music store, Albany, Or. He does not take advantage of people's ignorance and sell a cheap made piano at the price of a good one. Keep your feet dry and warm and you will escape the grip and avoid further colds and save money by having your old shoes and boots repaired. Remember I guarantee first-class work and reasonable charges. Shop opposite hotel. E. KEINHOLO. Ruff Blatt and Chas. Smith now have their long mated horse in the city and have been giving her extra attention. They intend to leave here about the 10th of this month for the midwinter fair where they will put her on exhibition. Ray Leonard would hereby inform the general public that the death of his father has made no change in his business as boot and shoe-maker. Thankful for the liberal patronage given him in the past, he notifies the public that he is still to be found at the old stand, doing honest and faithful work at "hard times" prices. E. E. Munsey, of this neighborhood, has taught several very successful terms in the public schools of this county. He is well spoken of by all his former patrons, as a man of industry, integrity and fitness for his calling. He thinks of going to the south end of the county. Any school that secures his services will be well paid in hard, conscientious work. CARD OF THANKS. I hereby tender most hearty thanks to and express my appreciation of the many friends who so tenderly and attentively waited upon my worthy father during his long and fatal sickness, and so assisted and sympathized with me in laying his remains away in the silent tomb. Being the only member of a large but widely separated family that could be with my father, and upon whom the responsibility rested of a log for him in his old age and final sickness in a community where, because of our short residence, we might be regarded as strangers, and among a people upon whom we had no special claims, such watchfulness and kind services were all the more appreciated. While so many have been so kind it becomes all the more delicate for me to mention one rather than another in such connection, yet I must say, the close attention shown by Mr. and Mrs. Hardy and their family in the interest they took in watching and nursing my father by night and by day until he passed away, and then looking after the details in connection with his burial, is entitled to special mention, and so appreciated by me as to be beyond my ability to express in language or reduplicate in services. No people could have been kinder than the people of Lebanon to me and my father, and none can ever know how highly I have valued such ministrations. RAY LEONARD. A Letter From Dismal Swamp. DISMAL SWAMP, Feb. 27, '94. EDITOR:—Zeke was in town on Saturday evening last and as financial matters are so bad, and don't take any by we are busted. At he would say papers, that boy thought, as he had the sights and pick up the news, as he had been cutting cord-wood and had lost the run of the news, and seeing a light in Montague's store room he stepped in to see what the show was, and he said it was nothing but a Democrat Aid Society, also a "People's Party" meeting. There were several of the Pops had some taffy to divide, but could not find any one to talk back as the Honorable "General" present would not talk. The county sheriff started to hunt the Democrats, but after a spin around the somebody to find any one and re-block he failed. They turned with disgust. There were about a dozen Democrats and growing more plenty every day—the returns from Penn. seem to point to the fact that protection does not pay. Zeke says that politics does beat all in Lebanon, for the milkman talks politics so much he can't get his route run till noon. Zeke says he is going to join the republican club. Where are the democrats? Echo answers "Where?" OLD PARTY CRANK. Subscribe for the EXPRESS now.

WATERLOO GARRAGE. Spring. Dance. Personal. Social. Crankings. The few warm days granted us by mistake were duly appreciated. Gardening is the password at present. The ball on the 22nd ult. was well attended, and none of the harrowing details accompanying the usual hoodlums were manifest. D. and T. L. Rice departed Monday for Grants Pass, to be gone some two weeks; quiet now reigns in our village. An old time candy-pull and bunsing-bee (according to report) was given at the old hotel, Saturday eve. A good time was present although the reporter was not there. Well, well, old folks are for use, not for ornament, in Waterloo. Saturday decides that vexed question of bonds. Good old Paul was in bonds and our town is so old-fashioned that they must imitate his teachings. But if they are voted we have a house and lot for sale for \$25.00. Send in your applications at once. Albany studies over voting \$20,000 and they are worth \$2,000,000. In the same proportion Waterloo should vote \$300. No ties are posted calling a meeting to vote \$1200, while the debt is \$800. The extra \$400 is to paint the house. Brethren, call a halt; vote enough to pay off the debt and buy a barrel of lime; then whitewash the mammoth lumber pile. Whitewash may not be very tony, but it will be in keeping with the present boom in Waterloo. Waterloo reminds us of our New Year's resolutions,—a sort of back number as it were. The citizens are waiting for Carey to come to get a little credit or work on the new P. O. he is going to build (when his friends get it—the office—for him). The Lyceum is on its last legs. Rice, the editor and president, resigned. His paper was run on the style of the Sunday Mercury and some took exceptions to the style. An item regarding a young society man, who was accused of going to supper and leaving his partner to dine on meditation in the cold hall, caused some uneasiness in that quarter. Now the Church has taken hold of the dead concern and "Call" will have a job of stuffing on hand in a few weeks. We were chased out of the private school building and now are to be persecuted with choice church music such as Waterloo alone can produce. Bro. Ploughman talked to empty benches Friday night while his choir was repeating the ears of the ungodly with the Whip-poor-will and Star of the Twilight Sonatas. Come some other time, Brother, we are busy that night, or go up the country. The city dads are suffering from their old complaint, "pressure of business." Some want them to meet for nothing but they want that 40 round dollar, and now they are nearly to the limit by the charter. Then—yes—yes—more bonds of course. The liquor license was raised to \$300 for six months, Tuesday night. The idea is to take some of the cream off the saloon man's creek during the summer months. Some fear they will have to drink too much water unless the council rescind their action. The meat market showed some signs of activity a few days since; 'twas the last beef that caused it; well, to be truthful, it was the first one this winter. Hurry up, campers, we are tired of being cannibals (lying on other people). John Bigfoot Wirt (if those are his initials) is in the field (and woods also) for Co. School Supp. John is the right man for the office and if elected will revolutionize school work in the county. He has our vote if he secures the nomination. Parker is candidate for constable for Sodaville precinct, and T. L. Rice, J. P. The latter will not get there as he is a democrat and there is no show for such in this precinct. Our writings are getting stale but we have only stale subjects to deal with—the P. P. and school matters. Therefore bear in mind we may surprise you at no distant day, by exposing a few old and mayhap a few new frauds. Speaking of frauds reminds us of our fallen Russell. Now is our golden opportunity to get in our dig. We all ways said he was "looney." A man who will make the districts of one, then unite two, then divide them again in less than one year, should be able to solve the great 15 puzzle. Too bad he did not get to eat his kraut his friends bribed him with; it is rumored a part found its way to McClroy—aye, and the carrots were eaten in Waterloo. Please forward the latest news from Queen Lil, and oblige the,— C. RANK. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in the market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for cough, colds and croup. A. W. BALDRIDGE, Millersville, Ill. For sale by N. W. Smith, drugist.

MIDWINTER FAIR LETTER. CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION—DEPARTMENT OF PUBLICITY AND PROMOTION. [Weekly Circular Letter—No. 14] An incident occurred in connection with the Midwinter International Exposition a few days ago which furnished an interesting commentary on its international character, and which established in an unmistakable manner the fact that this great fair follows, in many respects, the lines laid down by its illustrious predecessor on the shores of Lake Michigan, and that at the same time, it possesses an individuality which will give it a prominent place in the future history of the expositions of the world. One of the most prominent concessional features of the exposition has been the Wild Animal Arena where Colonel E. Daniel Boone has been giving performances with lions and other animals, which is said by those who have seen both to surpass the famous show given by Hagenbeck on the Midway in Chicago. Boone had an assistant in this work in the person of Carlo Thieman, a brave, bold tamer of lions, who was only less familiar and less scolarly, if one may use that word, than Boone himself, in his associations with these big beasts. Last, one night last week, Thieman entered the den of the lions to prepare them for their usual appearance in the arena, when suddenly the lights went out. Parnell, the biggest of the lions, fearful perhaps of some danger which he could not see, made a savage attack on the keeper. The other lions fell to with him and poor Thieman was at their mercy in a moment. Boone, the master of the beasts, forced his way into the cage with a crowbar and beat the angry lions back, but not until Thieman had sustained such injuries that his death followed on the morrow. It was Thieman's funeral that furnished the commentary at the opening of this letter. It was certainly a most impressive scene. Poor Thieman did not have a relative in all this great America, but his employer, Boone, was his warm personal friend, and all who worked with him admired his courage and his personality. Thus it came about that the funeral of the lion tamer was so notable. It took place in the animal arena. A section of the great iron cage which shuts off the performing space from that reserved for visitors, had been removed, and through this opening the coffin was carried. A bier had been made of some of the material which is used for the lions to do their acts upon, and here laid the dead tamer in the midst of a group of his associates, while the solemn burial service was read by a local clergyman. Every seat in the vast arena was occupied, and there were hundreds who wanted to get in but could not. On the back row of seats, stretching almost around the auditorium were Indians from the Sioux exhibit. Each warrior was in paint and feathers, but their bows were unstrung, and all carried themselves with the quiet dignity which always marks an Indian when a ceremony is being performed. Near to these were the Indians from the banks of the Yaqui river, and a delegation from the Esquimaux village. Half a dozen of the Turkish dancers had come across the South Drive to mingle with the crowd at the funeral. A company of South Sea Islanders were there, and a quartette of native Hawaiian singers furnished the music for the occasion, singing in their native tongue words set to old, familiar hymns. A big Cossack stood down in front with his shaggy head overtopping all his neighbors. Swarthy Mexicans from the 49 Mining Camp sat, sombrero in hand, and heads bowed down, and dark-eyed senoritas shed tears of sympathy as they sat among the mourners. It was an interesting company of people and such an one as had probably never before assembled on a similar occasion. A band of 50 pieces occupied a position out of sight of the audience and its music came to the ears of those present in a somewhat muffled tone. But there were other muffled tones that fell upon the ears of this funeral gathering during the exercises, which were neither so sweet nor so pleasing, but which brought a terrible reminder of what had caused this polyglot assemblage. The ears of the animals are located under the raised seats of the amphitheatre, and the beasts became restless as the hour for their usual performance passed by and they were not summoned to play their part. The big lion whose paw had dealt the fatal blow to poor Thieman, growled and roared at intervals all during the clergyman's address, and when the music of the band suggested to these knowing creatures that there was a crowd in the arena, they seemed to unite in a chorus of protest and disapproval. Strong men shuddered at the suggestion conveyed by these loud moanings. Women shed tears and some of them were so overcome with fear and emotion that they passed hurriedly out of the auditorium. It was a scene that will never be forgotten by those present. Then came a procession through the grounds. A cordon of guards occupied the right of line. Back of them marched the band, playing a funeral march. Keeping step to this slow rhythm walked the Indians, the Turks, the South Sea Islanders, and all the representatives of the different concessions, who had turned out to honor the memory of the dead lion tamer. The hearse was covered with floral offerings. Hundreds connected with the exposition walked in the long line that reached from one end of the grand court to the other and that wound its way between the beautiful industrial palaces, out to the place where dust was to be returned to dust. Yet this was but an incident. The next day the lions roared in the arena again, and happy crowds of men, women and children rapturously applauded. It was only a drop in the great sea of events on which the California Midwinter International Exposition is sailing, and it has been given prominence simply as one of the characteristic features of the fair.

THOMAS GODBEPRASID. A Man Who Bears That Peculiar Name Tells How It Originated. The register of the Grand House recently recorded the arrival in the city of Thomas Godbepraised of Barrow-in-Furness, England. Being approached upon the subject of the oddity of his surname, Mr. Godbepraised said: "Yes, I suppose the name does sound very odd to Americans, although such names are not altogether unusual in England and especially in Lancashire, which was a stronghold of the Roundheads or Puritans in Cromwell's time. My home is in Barrow-in-Furness, which is in Lancashire. My ancestors prior to Cromwell's time were all royalists. The family name was Elliot. A younger son renounced the religious faith and political opinions of his forefathers and became a Puritan. As was usual in such cases he assumed his carnal name of Charles Elliot and took the inspired one of Ezekiel Godbepraised. "There is quite a romance connected with this ancestor of mine. He fell in love with the only daughter of a Colonel Fielding in the Cavaliers' army, and not being able to obtain her father's consent for their marriage Ezekiel abducted her and for two years kept her hidden in a dreary house that stood near the little town of Formby, where a son was born. After a battle a little to the south of the River Mersey between the Cavaliers and Roundheads her brothers discovered her and carried her off to old Furness abbey. In the hurry the child was left behind, but as a result of the mother's pleading one of the brothers returned to Formby to get it. "In the meantime Ezekiel had discovered his loss and removed the child. Then the followed the brother back to Furness abbey, but arrived too late. The brother and sister had set sail from Barrow beach for the Isle of Man. A storm came up, and Ezekiel arrived just in time to see the boat founder. He returned to his child more bitter against the royalists than ever and brought the child up with the same sentiments. "At the close of the war Ezekiel adopted the trade of a weaver and settled in Barrow-in-Furness. Thus the name was perpetuated, the stern commands of the father forbidding the son to throw off the fanatical nickname when the heat of Puritanical zeal had given away."—Philadelphia Times. The Different Londons. The size of London is somewhat indefinite, but may be said to cover about a square mile. The postal district covers an area of 250 square miles. The police district extends still further, covering an area of 687 square miles. On the other hand, the parliamentary London is much narrower. It consists of 10 boroughs, of which the city of London, although the smallest—having 50,562 inhabitants in 1881—is represented by four members on account of its commercial and financial importance, while each of the other nine, although larger, is represented only by two; Westminster, 256,418; Chelsea, 238,011; Marylebone, 477,555; Hackney, 362,497; Finsbury, 483,316; Tower Hamlets, 391,538; Lambeth, 579,112; Southwark, 307,335; Greenwich, 167,632. Put together, these 10 boroughs represent only a population of about 2,000,000, and the remainder of the inhabitants of the city belong to nonmetropolitan electoral districts. Generally, however, the size of the city is determined by the area under the operation of the metropolis local government act, which is also adopted by the registrar general of the census. According to the definition, London covers an area of 122 square miles, forming parts of the counties of Middlesex, Surrey and Kent.—Baltimore American. Costly Meals. The costliest meal ever served, as far as history shows, was a supper given by Aelin Varus, one of the most lavish of the latter day Roman aristocrats. The supper was only intended for a dozen persons, yet its cost was 6,000 sesterteria, which would amount to £18,000 in English money, or nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The celebrated feast given by Vitellius, a Roman emperor of those degenerate days, to his brother Lucius cost a fraction over \$300,000. Lucretius says that this banquet consisted of 2,000 different dishes of fish and 7,000 different fowls, besides other courses in proportion. Vitellius, fortunately for the world, did not reign very long; otherwise the game preserves of Libya, Spain and Britain would have been exhausted. It may not be out of place to mention here that it is recorded as a curious point of history that a single dish on the table of the Emperor Hellogabulus was worth \$300,000.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The Lights Went Out. His royal highness the Prince of Wales was present at a noble lord's once together with all fashionable London, and after dinner the best musicians, both vocal and instrumental, were preparing to display their talent, when suddenly out went the light, and performers and audience were left in total darkness. As the light was electric and was supplied from a private engine which had chosen this inopportune moment to go completely wrong, there was nothing for the giver of the feast to do but to collect all the available bedroom candlesticks and empty bottles and stick candles all over the place. The effect was most comical and seemed to cause amusement to everybody but the host.—San Francisco Argonaut. He Had His Reward. It was in a large department store that a glided youth drifted up to the candy counter. "Do you know," he said to the pretty young woman in charge, "if I were the proprietor of this establishment I should dismiss you?" "Why?" she asked indignantly. "In order to give the candy a chance," he answered. And she gave him 14 pounds of 75 cent candy for 50 cents.—Detroit Free Press.

BANG FOR HIS LIFE. The Diagonizable Altruistic Frederick Augustus Presented to Maxilian Abell. John Abell, a celebrated singer and musician who lived in the reign of Charles II, had a very great notion of himself and would not perform unless he pleased. There is a funny story told of how he was once made to sing against his will. While traveling abroad for pleasure he came into the town of Warsaw. News was brought to the palace of the famous English singer's arrival, and Frederick Augustus, the king of Poland, immediately sent word that he desired Abell to appear before him. "Tell his majesty," replied John curtly, "that it suits me not." Back went the court messenger with a wry face. He knew his master's temper too well. "Tell Master Abell," thundered the king, "that I will have him come! And take you, boy, three stout fellows with you." The messenger and the three stout fellows between them managed to carry out the royal wish and presently marched triumphantly up to the palace with their unwilling captive. The king was awaiting them in the great hall, where he had seated himself in a balcony that ran all round the sides. Above him an immense chair hung from the roof by a rope. "Now, then, into the chair and up with him," cried Frederick Augustus, with a chuckle. "We'll soon see if our song bird won't sing in his cage. Up with him, my merry men all!" And up in the air swung Abell, who still refused to open his mouth. When he gave a glance downward, however, he changed his mind. Into the hall beneath him a number of wild bears had been turned loose. "Sing, sirrah!" the king shouted, "or down you go to play with my brown babies." One look at those "brown babies," growling and snarling below in a very unbabylike manner, was sufficient to convince the stubborn John. Sing he did, and he often used to declare in old days that he never sang so well in his life as when he was hanging there, a hundred feet high above the fierce beasts.—New York Journal. Don't Try to Cheat a Lawyer. A young lawyer, just starting in his profession, hung out his sign in a town where there was only one other lawyer. An aged judge. A close fluted old fellow, thinking to get legal advice for nothing, called upon the young man and contrived in a sort of neighborly way to get some legal questions answered. Then, thanking the young man, he was about to leave, when the young man asked for a \$5 fee. The old fellow went into a violent passion and swore he never would pay. The young lawyer told him he would sue him. So the old fellow went down to see the judge and said: "That young scamp that's just come into town! I dropped in to make a neighborly call on him, and he charges me \$5 for legal advice." "Served you right," said the judge. "But have I got to pay it, judge?" "Of course you have." "Well, then," said the man, "I suppose I must," and he started off. "Hold on," said the judge, "aren't you going to pay me?" "Pay you? What for?" "For legal advice." "What do you charge?" "Ten dollars." The result was that the old fellow had to pay \$5 to the young lawyer and \$10 to the old one.—Toronto Globe. The Gallery Gods' Applause. Lawrence Barrett once told me of a conversation he had with Edwin Booth. The latter had been congratulated upon an ovation given him by a crowded house on the opening night of an engagement. "The sweetest music to my ears," said the great tragedian, "is the shouting of the boys in the gallery. I know they are not applauding because I have a reputation or because they wish to make a display. They simply give vent to their natural enthusiasm. When they shout, I know that I am giving a good performance. As for the parquet, it may clap its hands out of politeness. A dramatic critic who had certain notions as to how a line should be read will applaud if I read it his way; otherwise he will remain quiet. I can never analyze the applause of the front rows, but the gallery is sincere in its likes or dislikes."—Chicago Record. Disappointing. She was a very cultured, and fashionable young lady, albeit she was only 6 years old, and she was a resident of New York. A gentleman calling on her parents had an opportunity to have a brief tête-a-tête with her. "I presume," he said, "that when you grow up you will marry, as all little girls do?" "No," she replied laughingly. "No, I hardly think I shall." "Indeed! That will be so disappointing." "Possibly it may be to mamma and to the young gentleman, but not to me, I fancy," and she lolled back in her chair quite tired to death, don't you know.—Detroit Free Press. Unappreciated. A single word sometimes reveals a man's inmost thought. "Who are those girls playing a duet on the piano?" asked one man of another at an evening party. "One of them is the daughter of the hostess," was the answer. "And who is her accomplice?"—London Tit-Bits. Excusable. Customer—Waiter, this bullock's heart is very badly cooked. Waiter—Well, sir, the fact is, the cook's been crossed in love, and whenever he has anything to do with a heart it so upsets him that he doesn't know what he's a-doing.—London Million.